

Trust

by Astrid Goes For A Spin

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Summary: It came down to the barest of complications: no matter what, Hiccup had absolute confidence that Toothless would catch him, whatever he did, and Toothless had the same faith: that no matter what, Hiccup would land properly and save him a very nerve wracking dive with only half a tail to balance with.

Trust

\*\*Well. After seeing the Live Spectacular, I had to fall back to the movie (as expected) and, well...after some deep, deep thought, I wrote this. Haha, joking. I have another oneshot I'm gonna put up, but I hate putting more than one story up in the same couple of days in the same fandom, since it looks kind of amateur, or whatever.

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\*\*Anyway. Read. Review. Move on with your lives. :)\*\*

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><p>Sometimes it still baffled Hiccup how these kids had suddenly become his best friends. Not always, but sometimes he would realize just how different he still was from all of them.<p>

Like right now.

They were sprawled after a hard day of flying (well, it was hard on everyone except Hiccup and Toothless) on the grass of the only green cliff, overlooking the harbor. The others were sitting near each other, the dragons hulking in the background.

There was an exception.

Hiccup was slightly removed from the circle so there was room for Toothless. Instead of being carefully separate from his dragon, Hiccup was sitting up against him, leaning on him heavily, to which

Toothless had no problem with and often found amusing. Astrid was beside him, not touching Toothless.

Even though they 'loved' their dragons so much, how come "why didn't they" Hiccup just didn't understand why if all the dragons were there, why they weren't leaning up against their scaly friends. Why didn't they take every moment they could?

As Hiccup thought around these little barriers, the conversation had turned (as it was wont to do) to the dragons. Instead, however, of stupid things, this was based entirely on talking.

\_Talking?\_

Wary of the idea, Hiccup's hand inched along Toothless' neck for comfort, to which Toothless flicked an ear, opening an eye curiously.

"It's annoying," Ruffnut complained. "Whenever I try to tell BelchBarf \_anything\_, even if he gets it, it's hard, you know. To, like, communicate."

"Yeah." Astrid sympathized. "I've been trying to teach Stormfly some tricks. Sometimes she understands, butâ€|" She sighed. "Most of the time it's really hard."

"Don't you wish," Fishlegs lamented, "That if something's bothering them they could just \_tell\_ us?"

The others sighed in unison. "Yeah."

Except Hiccup. "Talk?"

"Don't you think it would be easier?" Tuffnut motioned behind him. "Like, better."

Astrid nodded in agreement.

"Noâ€|"

"What do you mean?" squeaked Fishlegs.

Hiccup was still kind of stunned, and, judging by the expression, so was Toothless. "Why would we need to talk to them?"

For some reason, he felt on a really fundamental level that it was \_wrong\_. Maybe the same way he'd have felt months ago if a Nadder had suddenly swooped down from the sky and began to spout Norse. Even though (he could barely believe it sometimes) \_he\_ was the one who changed everythingâ€|" not that.

"You know. Communicate."

And he was reminded, yet again, how very different he and Toothless were from the rest of them.

He tried a different tack. "But, you seriously need to â€| to \_tell\_ the dragons what you want?"

Astrid cocked an eyebrow. "Yeah. Don't you-"

Memories flashed back to him. Astrid always ordered Stormfly, shouted encouragements. Told her what to do, how to do it. Now he realized that the others did, too.

He didn't. He was the only one who never spoke. He didn't need to. Toothless was easy to read, strong and firm under him, muscles that moved a specific way when he wanted to do something. It wasn't difficult at first, but as they got to know each other better, he'd gotten into the practice of being able to flawlessly operate the tailfin in perfect compliance to Toothless' intentions.

In shock, something else hit him. It had seemed so natural, his referral as he and Toothless as an entity. "We". "Us". None of the others did that. They were separate. Were they so apart that their dragons were only mounts to them? Even with human attention, Toothless was still his best friend.

"Dumb-nut—" Ruffnut jabbed a thumb at her brother, "Has been telling us since, like, forever, that you and - Toothless (For some strange reason, all the teen Vikings thought there was something wrong with the name 'Toothless'. Not macho enough, or something. Not gross. And, they all thought he could just change his name like he hadn't already been calling him that for weeks.) talk with, like, your minds."

Hiccup was almost scared by this accusation, he was so surprised. "Odin, no. No, nonononononononono. That's impossible. And ridiculous!" He pointed frantically behind him. "Toothless it's nothing, really it's not I mean—"

"Well," whispered Snotlout, "He'd deny it if it was true, anyway."

"I'm it's no!"

It struck him suddenly that this was a position he was used to. All of them, grouped (not necessarily?) against him, because he understood something none of them could fathom.

Was it really this inevitable that it returned to this? Over and over? Even after everything?

He glared at the ground. To do with this, the next topic that would likely come up was his leg a favorite in conversation. Ruffnut and Tuffnut had endless ideas of how to embellish it and make it less of a leg and more of a decoration? Weapon? Something that ridiculous. Astrid always seemed a little guilty, and Snotlout thought it was plainly amazing. Even Fishlegs, who showed a tiny amount of compassion, couldn't begin to think of what he felt.

Of course, there was only one 'person' who did.

And after a lifetime of neglect, that was good enough for Hiccup.

"Hey, so. Uh," Hiccup pulled himself to his feet, one hand never leaving Toothless. "I think we're gonna get a little more flight time in, eh, Bud?"

Straightening in response to Hiccup's getting up, Toothless perked an ear in agreement. Before anyone had a chance to say a word, Hiccup was on, clipped in smoothly, and they were airborne.

That trick — the one with the running over the grass — had taken the months it took for the snow to melt to perfect. Their stunt with the rock ledge, which was dangerous and tricky at the best of times, had grown in Hiccup's imagination until it had suddenly seemed possible that they could do that.\_

Of course, the other kids and dragons would have been able to manage it a lot quicker. They didn't have prosthetics to double check, clips to undo (and redo) in milliseconds. They didn't have cords and harnesses and worry — it was a game. It was easy.

For Hiccup, it was something to work toward. The idea, as ideas were wont to do, had taken off quickly, with Hiccup and Toothless scampering behind to catch up. It had taken them forever and a day to find a perfect space for their stunt, which was hard to tell with all the wind and snow. And hail.

Next was building up to the actual procedure — Hiccup had to run a certain way in a perfectly straight line. Toothless had to pump his tail hard enough before Hiccup jumped so that he could glide underneath the rock formation with balance.

And of course, there was the matter that would have driven everyone else away.

Trust.

It was something special they had — Hiccup had absolute confidence, unwavering faith that no matter what happened, Toothless would catch him. Appear underneath, and then it was his turn. If Toothless hadn't felt the same — completely sure Hiccup would land properly and control the tailfin — then it would have never happened.

Why weren't the others so equal? Why was it always the dumb beast and its master?

If you took out all the variables that made Hiccup and Toothless who they were — the oddities, the quirks, the victims of circumstance. If they were just another pair of Vikings and dragons, the problems the two of them had with the idea would be almost nonexistent.

If the Viking misjudged his jump, he'd fall, but he'd fall alone.

If Hiccup jumped at the wrong time, they'd both die or hit the water hard enough to wish they had.

If Hiccup didn't jump at all, Toothless would plummet. But if a regular Viking didn't, the dragon would be confused. He'd probably keep on flying, and the poor, poor Viking would be stranded until someone found him.

But if any other pair of Vikings and dragons had been in their position, they probably wouldn't have been able to go through with it.

It was terrifying.

But not to Hiccup.

Sometimes the other Vikings got airsick â€“ sure, he'd gotten seasick as a little kid, butâ€œ it was different. They were passengers. He was part of the ride. He could honestly understand what they didn't like, how, and why. What he honestly couldn't understand is why they thought it so strange, his relationship with Toothless.

Like the way they had regarded the leg. They'd referred to it â€“ what was it? â€“ as "the loss". He'd always mentioned haphazardly about when he'd "gotten" the leg. There was a very finite difference. To him, it was a gain. A mechanical advantage. A similarity he'd been aching for to Toothless.

To them, it was a joke or a game; poking fun at his 'horrifying loss'.

They also acted like it had changed everything about him. Like the tendons in his knee were somehow connected to his brain and by having them disconnected his brain would just fall apart.

He was still the same person. And, if he wasn't, well, it hadn't been all at once. It hadn't been the moment when his leg came off.

It happened gradually, in a cove with a dragon. His first - and best - friend. Sometimes, it felt, the only one. Maybe if they'd all been like Astrid they'd have noticed him: soâ€œdistracted. Busy. But even he would have noticed if he'd been on the surface how he'd changed.

Really, in all actuality, it had nothing to do with them.

It had to do with a secret he'd spent everything he had trying to protect.

And guess what? To him, it was worth it.

End  
file.